

Only Two Remain Of the "Cabbies" Of Former Years

Men Who Once Drove Visitors Up Farnam Street Have Given Way to Automobile.

A quarter of a century of constant association in a business and a social way has made the friendship of Albert Wallace and John Everett, the last of the "old cabbies" of Omaha's hack drivers, akin to that which legend tells us existed between Damon and Pythias.

Of the scores of men who followed the vocation of cab driving in the era following the hard times of the early 90s, and through the golden age of Omaha's prosperity, following the Trans Mississippi exposition, until the advent of the "taxi," they are the only ones who remain to serve the public as drivers of public vehicles, save Tom Cronin, who still keeps an "owl" stand at the old corner near the Millard hotel.

And there are few in Omaha, even of their old friends who will know them by their patronymics, for they are popularly known to their clientele as "Sez I," and "Johnny Dugan."

From That Day On.

"Sez I" received his sobriquet one evening when he rushed up to a group of hack drivers and told that Jim McTeague, who ran a third parlor where the Henshaw stands and who was a well known character of an early day, all lit up, was amusing himself poking the plate glass windows out of the Wallace hack.

"I heard the crash of glass," said Wallace, "and I rushed to my cab and there I saw Jim McTeague poking the lights out with his cane. 'Is that you, Jim McTeague?' sez I. Jim stopped long enough to look at me and he sez, 'sez I, it is Jim McTeague,' and sez I, 'all right Jim McTeague, go ahead and poke all the glass out with your cane if it amuses you.'"

From that day on Albert Wallace has been "Sez I" to his friends.

Meet Morning Trains.

John Everett was nicknamed after the popular song: "What Did Dugan Do to Him?" which he sang, hummed, and whistled in season and out of season for many years.

Wallace is a Kansan and Everett came from Atchison county, Missouri, before the opening of the exposition and began driving hack. The stand was at the Paxton hotel and the drivers would meet the morning trains at the Union station and Burlington depot, repeating in the afternoon.

The Paxton was then the center of all the social activities of the downtown district and the few public vehicles that Omaha boasted were clustered in that vicinity. Outside of the transient trade the big sources of business for the hackmen were the funerals, weddings and christenings that took place.

Funeral, Some Function.

The undertaking firms of Drexel & Maul and Pat Healey catered largely to the families of foreign nativity and a funeral in those days was some function. Hacks were employed to haul mourners to and from the "wakes" that prevailed in South Omaha, and in the early morning hours were much needed by the patrons.

About the only Omahans who availed themselves of the use of a hack to go any distance in the city, as an ordinary means of transportation and in lieu of the street cars, were "Bill" Paxton, Governor Boyd, Buy Barton and Count Creighton.

Circus days always brought a harvest and were good for from \$25 to \$35 for the hackmen.

Different Social Life.

Omaha had a different social life then. There were no cabarets nor social cliques, nor the numerous places of amusement that are now provided, and in the Victorian era, according to "Sez I," the hackman was quite a factor.

"On New Year's day," he relates, "parties of men of social prominence among the younger and the older sets would procure our hacks and would set out in a round of New Year calls. The would sit at the homes of the hostesses of the city, pay their respects, and sample the tempting egg-nog or Tom and Jerry's."

"During the winter season there was a gay round of parties at the various homes in the city and it was the custom of the young gallants of Omaha to take their best girls to these functions in cabs. They would have us drive them to the home of the girl, take them to the parties, return at the close of the affair and drive them back to the respective homes. There were joy rides in those days."

"One of the social centers of the city was the home of J. M. H. Patrick, where the Happy Hollow club now stands. The Patricks were great entertainers. The hackmen who conveyed guests there would be employed for the night, the place was so far out, and at midnight the drivers were treated to hot coffee and sandwiches in the large heated barn on the place."

"Horse cars were still running in Omaha and the old Dodge line was the most heavily patronized. Twenty-fourth and Ames was then away out in the country and the principal residence district was bounded by Twentieth and California, Davenport and Chicago."

"A heavy snow was a blessing in disguise to the hackmen. The popular show house then was the Farnam theater, at Fifteenth and Farnam. One night a heavy snowstorm came on and before the performance was on the stage it blocked the streets and stopped the street cars. Just a few hackmen had to haul the theater crowd home. I used up three teams of horses that night."

The big competition in the hack business began after the exposition and it brought in such drivers as "Swede" John, Al Brown, Buck Keith, Tom Cronin, Chester Demos, Jack Carney and Jim Tucker. Jack Carney is now taxi starter at the Fontenelle, and Jim Tucker, who died a short time ago, stuck to his back to the last.

Ambition of Cowboys.

"Omaha in those days was the favorite place for recreation and business of some of the big men of

Last Surviving Pair of Omaha Cabbies Recall the Old Days of Tom and Jerry

J. EVERETT
(INSERT) ALBERT WALLACE



THE WITHROW DAYS

the northwest, and we had some lively characters to deal with. 'Buffalo-Bill' Cody was a frequent visitor. He used to meet noted friends from the east and from Europe at Omaha, where in T. J. Foley's old place many a hunt in the Wyoming planned and organized. Then we had such big western cattle men as Lee Moore of Douglas, Wyo.; 'Hard Winter' Davis, from Basin, Wyo.; Allen Shoemaker of Thermopolis, Wyo.; the Swan brothers of Ogallala.

"It was the ambition of all of the cowboys who came here to help light up the town and then to help put the lights out."

"Gen. Leonard Wood, and General Stanton, of the regular army were frequent visitors to the city and they always patronized the cabbies."

Hackmen in Politics.

"Hackmen were political factors in the early days of Omaha and during an election their services were in great demand. Before corrupt practices legislation was enacted political leaders would hire all the hacks of the city to haul voters to the polls. 'Paddy Ford, who used to run for office as councilman as often as election would come around, used to monopolize the hacks on some occasions, causing great grief to his opponents."

"There was a rough sense of honor among the men who drove cabs and it was their boast that they always protected their 'fares' from impositions of any kind."

All Night Stands.

"The men were also very humane to their horses and the latter were in many instances the pride of their eyes. I owned the famous 'Withrow' bays and also the famous team of 'backskins' which were a familiar sight on the streets of Omaha for 15 years. I bought them from Gene

Dilranch, who had a barn where the Flatiron hotel now stands. The barn was burned about 18 years ago, with 17 head of horses, among which was a fine driving horse owned by Al Barker."

Jesse James Messenger.

"Mike Roach was one of the best known of the old-time hack drivers. In his younger days he had been a messenger for the Jesse James gang and after its break-up he came to Omaha. He had the stand at Foley's when he died 20 years ago, and I succeeded him."

"When Jack Galligan was chief of the fire department he often would use our hacks for emergency drives. If he happened to be in the downtown district and an alarm of fire would be sounded, he would leap into the first cab available and drive pell-mell through the streets to the fire. Our hacks were also used by the police as emergency wagons in answering riot calls when the department had as its equipment only one horse-drawn patrol wagon."

Both Wallace and Everett have keen recollections of the picturesque hackmen's balls which were held when their clan was at the height of its prosperity.

Careful Auto Drivers.

These were the real Bohemian events of the social season and were crowded with those who came to "trip the light fantastic," as the cub reporters described it, under conditions where there was much fun and little restraint. The funds derived from these annual dances went into the sick benefit fund of the hackmen."

It was not until 1910 that Wallace and Everett abandoned the drivers' seats on their cabs to take to the automobile "taxi." They had to adapt themselves to the inevitable and since then have established rep-

utations of being the most careful drivers in the city. Traffic Officer Emery, speaking of the two men, said: "It is a liberal education in the 'safety first' idea to watch 'Johnny Dugan' and 'Sez I' drive in the downtown district. They observe every rule and handle their cars with coolness in every emergency."

Albert Wallace says that a man who has handled a team very much will always make a good and careful automobile driver—especially if he had always been careful in driving horses.

Bachelor Advances Real "Hunch" for Tag Sellers

"It's tie on a tag here, stick on a button, there and constantly dig, dig, dig," moaned an Omaha bachelor in speaking of the various campaigns for funds conducted in Omaha.

"I don't mind assisting the various bodies in need of funds, but as Jiggs would say, 'Maggie, use discretion.' The buttons for which I pay are useless and the tags are of no benefit that I have ever found. 'I'll tell the world that if the woman who has charge of the next button day would use judgment and follow my advice she would win the gold-plated frying pan.'"

"My plan would be to arm the tag fires and button pinners with a needle and thread and a basket of assorted buttons and replace the missing ties that bind. Homeless bachelors would willingly pay and with a lavish hand be able after a short wait on the corner to go their way in perfect safety."

A fireless cooker invented by an English woman is heated by an ordinary incandescent electric lamp.

New Yorker Gives Cop Hootch Hunch, Only Coffee Found

Armed and Ready to Test Outlaw Beverage Police Sergeant "Raids" Car Men at Lunch.

"Ye Gods! and they call N' Yawk wet," a dapper traveling man whispered in the ear of Police Sergeant Wm. Russell last week. "I admit that you can find it if you know the ropes and will pay an iron man a drink, but here they brazenly drink on the street."

Sarg Bill immediately began vigorously polishing his shield on his coat sleeve as he gave his informant of the flagrant violation of Mr. Volstead's law the 00.

"You have found the man who educated Major Dalrymple," this leader of Omaha's finest explained. "Slip me the info bud, and I will call the taxi with the brass gong and 'Slip me the info, bud, and I will free ride."

They Start Off.

Sliding his gait into place for quick action and gripping his cap in this approved fashion as taught by Chas. Phipps, Wm. J. Burns, Sherlock Holmes and Hawkshaw, the sergeant followed the New York slicker to the scene of the revelry.

Events moved fast as the sergeant walked up Farnam street, where laborers on the new track of the street railway were eating their lunch, while the sidewalks were lined with gaping spectators whose mouths watered every time one of the workmen placed to his lips one of the flasks that an old inhabitant informed the crowd in the old days was used as a container for a beverage known as whiskey, and in later days frequently contained "rosino or corn."

And Then—

Although greatly outnumbered, the sarg bravely advanced on the men armed with bottles. With a request to a newspaper reporter the enforcer of the law seized one of the bottles, sniffed, placed it to his lips and took a big drink.

Spitting, he returned the bottle. "Coffee," he remarked to the New York slicker.

And with long faces the crowd resumed its way and the station house taxi wasn't called.

Wheel to Be Destroyed

Paris, Oct. 23.—The world's greatest Ferris wheel, and one of the great sights of Paris, is about to be torn down. There are rumors that the Eiffel tower, the tallest structure in the world, is soon to meet the same fate.

The Ferris wheel, like the Eiffel tower, was built on the site of the great Paris world's fair in 1900. It has carried millions of visitors from every corner of the globe without serious accident. It has been sold to an iron merchant who intends to use the girders in construction in the war devastated regions of northern France.

Two years were required to build the Ferris wheel. It is more than 330 feet high and weighs, with the carriages empty, nearly 2,000,000 pounds. The columns on which it is poised weigh nearly another million.

A Dress Event Monday at JULIUS ORKIN

1508-10 Douglas Street
Dresses actually worth \$35.00 to \$49.50
Special Sale Price \$25.00.

Heart Secrets of a Fortune Teller

By RACHEL MACK.

I Invent a Romance.

Far be it from me to misinform a trusting audience, but I'm not entirely to blame if some masculine fish swallow the whole bait instead of taking a cautious nibble, am I? Not long ago I was visited by a young woman all wrapped up in a gloom cloud. Something told me it must be love debility.

"Dearly," I says in greeting, "you are seeking romance, am I right?" "Yes," she answers, "I'm hunting for a romance because I've never had one in my life."

"Plenty of women in your fix, dearie!" I console.

"No," she disagrees, "you're mistaken. Almost every girl who has some sort of love affair in her life."

"Do you honestly mean, dearie?" I demand, "that no male creature has, in the course of your young life, professed to love you?"

"Not a male," she vows, "unless it was Teddy."

"And who might Teddy be?" I ask, hoping for the best.

"Why Teddy," she explains, "was a dear little fox terrier I used to own."

"Oh," I says, being too much surprised to say anything else.

"Well, I don't believe I was ever quite so upset over a case before. I couldn't even rattle up my usual line of small talk while I arranged the details. All I could do was to look at the poor girl and think about her hard luck. Think of a woman with not even a broken date to weep over!"

Suddenly I have an idea. "Girly," I says, "I've had a life size picture of a little plan that will spell romance in your life. Would you like to hear it?"

"Would I?" she says. "You can't talk fast enough to suit me."

"Well, dearie," I open, "here's the whole trouble in a nut shell. Men are a good deal like sheep. Let a woman be sanctioned by another man's choice and they fall over themselves showin' her favor. 'Get me'."

"I do," she says, "you mean I'm overlooked by the masculine population in the rush because no other man has stamped me with his sweet approval?"

"Exactly," I says. "That's why you've got to go in mournin', so to speak, for a lost lover—dead, strayed, or stolen."

"Do you mean," she asks, lookin' worried, "that I've got to hand out a lot of fake dope to the office force where I'm employed?"

"Not at all," I says. "I never encourage deceit. All you have to do is to slip up to your desk in the mornin', lookin' as sad as a broken reed. Throughout the day, indulge in a few spells of silent weeps, and when somebody offers to comfort you, brace up like Ethel Barrymore in a big sob scene and tell them it's 'Nothing! Nothing! between sobs.'"

"But who," she interrupts, "is going to spread the news about the lost lover?"

"Leave that to me, dearie! With you as a silent partner, I can stage the saddest little romance of the year without a word of untruth to my credit."

Three days later I decide it's time to look over the ground, so I drop in to the branch telegraph station where my little friend spends her busy minutes.

A young fellow with a slick pompadour and soulful eyes offers the information I'm seekin' on night

letter rates. It takes my wanderin' eyes just about two minutes to locate a droopin' young figure at the central desk that looks just familiar.

"Ah," I says to the accommodatin' young man who has me in charge, "I see Mary Holton over there. She must be awfully sad since Teddy died!"

"Teddy!" he says, all interest. "So that's the party she's grieving for! Were they engaged?"

"Well," I hesitates, using a subdued tone of voice, "I don't like to talk about personal affairs. I thought of course you knew about it, or I'd never have mentioned it. She and Teddy were so devoted, poor girl! Thanks, awfully for the rate dope, and don't mention what I let slip about Mary Holton."

I hurried for the door, but before I made the final exit, I caught a glimpse of the sick pompadoured young man discreetly addressin' an open-mouthed audience of six gathered in record time.

Today I dropped into the office again. Of course I looked up the polite young man with the soulful eyes, havin' that feeling that we're already old friends. "I'm glad to notice," I says, sort of careless, "that Mary Holton's not lookin' so sad these days!"

"Yes," he says in a meltin' tone of voice, "we've all tried to cheer her up, poor girl, and sometimes I think she's really forgetting that fellow Teddy!"

"It's so wonderful," I says, smilin' encouragement, "what a few weeks of congenial company can do for a grievin' heart!"

Next week—A Case of Feminine Finance.

Copyright, 1920, Thompson Feature Service.

Chiropractic



Dr. Frank F. Burhorn

Graduate of the Palmer School of Chiropractic
Licensed in Nebraska
SUTE 414-20-23-26 SECURITIES BLDG.
Corner 16th and Farnam Sts.
Complete X-Ray Laboratory
Twelve Private Adjusting Rooms
Office Hours—9 A.M. to 6 P.M.
House Calls Made Day or Night
PHONE DOUGLAS 5347

"What You Want to Know"

Question No. 2: Does spinal adjustments help children who are nervous and run down?

THE health of every child depends on the condition of its spine.

DR. ALVA A. GREGORY, after practicing medicine twenty years and Chiropractic fifteen years, and whose works are considered standard, says: "We know that most diseases are not amenable to our ordinary method of medical and surgical treatment, while under spinal adjustments acute diseases are cut short and aborted, and chronic cases which have been believed to be incurable, recover."

If you want to find out why your child is failing, or backward, why its food does not digest, or why its bowels do not move regularly, or why any other disorder exists, bring your child to my office and I will gladly tell you what we have done for others and what can be done for you or your child.

OFFICE adjustments are twelve for ten dollars, or thirty for twenty-five dollars. Consultation is free. House calls answered promptly, day or night.

The Fire on Your Hearth

takes away the chill of fall evenings before it pays to start the furnace.

Are you prepared to use your fireplace today?

Have you the necessary furniture?

Have you the proper wood or coal for fuel?

Sunderland

offers you complete service.

Fine Hearth Furniture

Andirons, Basket Grates, Fire Sets, Fire Screens and many other items—in all materials and designs to suit your home and your purse.

Dry Oak Chunks

Sound, substantial wood in best possible condition to make a lasting, comfortable fire.

Special Fireplace Coal

Colorado Lump—sootless, smokeless, making little ash and no cinders. Easy to kindle, clean to handle, and long-lasting under fireplace conditions.

Sunderland Brothers Co.

Main Office and Display Room, Entire 3d Floor
Keele Bldg., 17th and Harney Streets.



Hudson Super-Six Endurance Means Economy

ALL men—if they have the facts—know the Hudson Super-Six has led the trend from less durable types. When it came, with practically doubled efficiency and endurance over conventional types of its size, it established a new basis of economy reckoning.

Today more than 100,000 Hudson owners know too all the other desirable things men seek in a car, Hudson also adds the triumphs of true economy.

The exclusive Super-Six motor accounts for all Hudson has done. The proof is that no other car, notwithstanding all the improvements that have been made in motor building, has ever been able to equal its world famous stock car records.

Hudson Prices

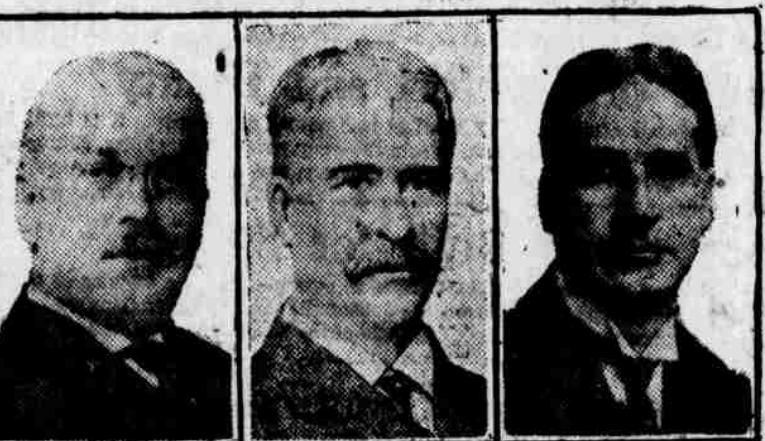
(F. o. b. Detroit)

Super Six 7-Pass. Phaeton.....	\$2,400.00	Super Six Coupe.....	\$3,275.00
Super Six Speedster.....	2,400.00	Super Six Touring Limousine.....	3,625.00
Super Six Sedan.....	3,400.00	Super Six Cabriolet.....	3,000.00
Super Six Limousine.....	4,000.00		

GUY L. SMITH,

"SERVICE FIRST"

2165-57 FARNAM ST. OMAHA, U.S.A. PHONE DOUGLAS 1978



Francis H. Rowley Dr. Wm. O. Stillman G. D. Dieckman

Humanitarians and social workers from all parts of the United States, Canada and Hawaii will assemble in Omaha Monday to attend the 44th annual convention of the American Humane association at the Hotel Fontenelle.

All persons interested in humane or welfare work are invited to attend the sessions of the convention. One of the most prominent humanitarians expected is Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who gave up the pastorate of one of the largest Baptist churches to accept the presidency of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, succeeding the founder, George T. Angell. Dr. W. O. Stillman, president of the American Humane association for the past 13 years, is a wealthy physician of Albany, N.Y.

The convention will open Monday morning, addresses of welcome will be followed by a reply by Col.

Ernest K. Coulter, manager of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty and founder of the Big Brother movement, and the president's address by Dr. W. O. Stillman.

The remainder of the session on Monday and Tuesday morning will be devoted to consideration of problems connected with child protection.

The convention will not be devoted entirely to business for the woman's auxiliary of the Nebraska Humane society, headed by Mrs. E. Davidson, Mrs. Howard Baldrige, Mrs. Lucien Stephens and Mrs. C. L. Farnsworth, has determined that the visitors shall carry away a pleasant impression of Omaha and has prepared a number of interesting social events, which will give them an opportunity to meet Omaha people and see all parts of the city.